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Carmel Pine Cone

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Woodblock from Sketch by George Seideneck

Carmel Blue As It Passes Up Composer

Carmel is recovering from the blues.

It awoke last week to learn that the originator of the blues had been rushed through and out of town before it found out who that smart-looking individual with dreamy eyes could be.

In short, George Gershwin, noted popular song writer, whose "Rhapsody in Blue" took the blues away from America several years ago and made him famous, was a guest at the Carmel valley ranch of Sidney Fish.

Gershwin, this unassuming athletic man who, in addition to getting his exercise on the piano, uses the rest of his energy in boxing, passed through the village in the dead of night. Spent several days in the same room where Col. Lindbergh stayed and then disappeared almost as mysteriously as he had come.

Gershwin writes the music almost every year for the annual edition of George White's "Scandals." In addition to this, he writes several popular songs during the year and then gives several piano recitals. His latest song is "Girl Crazy."

Between him and Irving Berlin, the fame of jazz music is divided. Critics call Gershwin more of an artist, while the public swings over to Berlin. At any rate, if it wasn't for Gershwin, where would the blues be today?

SUNSET SCHOOL HONOR ROLL

First Grade

Monteagle Stearns, Gerald Ray, Constance Lelly, Carroll Murphy, Helen Wermuth, Calvin Ledford.

Second Grade

Barclay Spence, Eleanor Hart, Milton Croall, Harriet Hatton, Mary Jean Reade, Bobbie Frolli, Alice Vidoroni.

Third Grade

Clayton Askew, Carol Card, Maurice Foland, Rose Marilyn Funchess.

Fourth Grade

June Lewis, Edgar Leslie, Pat Chrechton, Hugh Smith, Joyce Whitcomb, Betty Haskell, Bob Farley.

Fifth Grade

Juliana Woodward, Greta Schuyler, Kathryn Littlefield, Raymond Brown.

Sixth Grade

Gertrude Foland, Harold Cunningham, Jean Thompson, Patty Coblentz.

Seventh Grade

Della Lou Fortado, Geraldine Theines, Marie De Amaral, Jean Spence, Jean Funchess, Mary Hobson, Marjorie Hastings, Alice Meckenstock.

Eighth Grade

Dorothy Clark.

YOUR APPROVAL

Dear Reader: **We believe you approve the Pine Cone's campaign to keep Carmel unique, beautiful, unusual, unlike the thousands of standardized towns extending from coast to coast; a residence town attractive to writers, poets, painters, musicians, playwrights, cultivated people generally, retired folk of means who appreciate the beauties of Nature unspoiled by man, folks who understand how to build real homes and cultivate gardens.**

If you approve our efforts in behalf of Carmel and wish to back them up, may we suggest a subscription to the Pine Cone? ($2 a year at all news stands or at our office, sent anywhere in the United States).

Colored Pavement Meets Views of Majority

Carmel will not lose its skirt of individuality.

Flashy white cement, so popular on "Main Street," will not be laid elsewhere in the village.

Instead, a colored pavement with colored side-walks—the most unique in the country, will be voted when the council meets again next Wednesday.

This was indicated this week, following a survey made by the Pine Cone of the opinions of the four members of the council and a large number of property owners on the streets proposed for paving.

Mayor Herbert Heron, the leader in the fight to "keep Carmel different," is confident that his plan of colored pavement will come out victorious with little opposition.

Miss Clara Kellogg is also in sympathy with Mayor Heron's plan. Miss Kellogg says:

"I prefer asphaltic dark concrete, instead of the white cement, flashy to the eyes and so citified. A dark pavement fits in with the beauty and individuality of Carmel. I am also in favor of the colored panel sidewalk effect similar to that in front of the Seven Arts, La Rambla and La Ribera Hotel."

Mrs. Jessamine Rockwell is the third member of the council behind Mayor Heron. Says Mrs. Rockwell:

"I wish they didn't have to pave any more of the streets. I don't see any reason for it. I think they are trying to make a city out of a village. However, if the council and the property owners are anxious to have them paved, I am highly in favor of Mayor Heron's plan. Colored side-walks and dark pavement on the street will at least help to keep Carmel different from the typical small town."

Councilman Joh nB. Jordan, who has been quoted as opposed to the colored paving, says that he has been misquoted and misunderstood. He favors color in the pavement, but not black. "Too dismal, too funeral," he says. "Something bright and cheerful, please!" And Jordan will offer a color scheme, planned by a Carmel artist, as a substitute for the Heron color scheme.

With Heron having the support of Miss Kellogg and Mrs. Rockwell, they would have the majority vote and the colored pavement could go in, despite the opposition of Jordan or Bonham. Indications are that unless a compromise is reached, which is not likely, a majority vote will carry the measure through.

The streets to be paved, and for which specifications are now being drawn, include: Sixth from Monte Verde to Mission; Monte Verde from Sixth to Ocean; Lincoln from Sixth to Ocean and from Ocean to Seventh; Dolores from Sixth to Ocean; Mission from Sixth to Ocean and Seventh from Dolores to Lincoln.

Robert and Fred Leidig, both large property owners, are favoring Mayor Heron's plan of pavement. Eunice Gray and Janet Prentiss, who also own property there, are enthusiastic in supporting colored pavement.

M. De Neale Morgan, an artist and a property owner in the section to be paved, is also anxious to see the colored pavement go in. George Seideneck is another artist supporting the plan.

Daisy Bostick, who well knows the needs of Carmel says:

"I'm against paving any more streets. If they want them paved, however, I think that the dark pavement with colored side-walks is the only thing, no matter what the price may be. Anything to keep Carmel different and unique!"

Dr. R. A. Kocher feels that Carmel would be making a grave mistake if it put in anything else than colored pavement. Paul McFarland, manager of the La Ribera Hotel, points out that keeping Carmel different means prosperity. In other words, he declared that whatever additional colored pavement may cost, it will more than pay in increasing the value of property.

A list of residents and property owners who back Mayor Heron would be endless. All in all, they feel that a dark pavement with colored side-walks would be an investment that Carmel cannot afford to lose.

WOMAN'S CLUB TO HEAR FINE MUSICAL PROGRAM

Thomas Vincent Cator, with the assistance of Samuel Ethridge, baritone, Arthur Gunderson, violinist, and Gordon Wilson, pianist, has arranged a delightful concert for the general meeting of the Woman's Club to be held at 2:30, Monday afternoon, February 2 at the Girl Scout House. All members of the Club will want to hear the music, a well-balanced program of classical and modern music.

Mrs. C. H. Lowell and her daughter, Mrs. Esther Shields, have returned to their home in Berkeley after spending the past two weeks with friends in Carmel.

HOTTEST JANUARY DAYS IN MANY, MANY YEARS

Ice cream stores were crowded, the ice man perspired from additional work and Carmel residents sweltered from the heat as the village experienced on Tuesday one of the warmest January days in the past 16 years.

We all knew it must have been a hundred—or ninety at the least. But nevertheless, the thermometer at the Carnegie Coastal laboratory registered only eighty-one degrees. But small as it may sound, this temperature at this time of the year is almost a record.

According to Dr. Ferdinand Haasis, the associate director, were it not for the record established on January of 1928, when the mercury climbed up to 82 degrees, Tuesday of this week would have been the warmest January day in Carmel in the last 16 years.

On various occasions, the mercury has gone up to 75 degrees and even 80 degrees, but seldom, the records reveal, does it ever get past the 80 mark.

Many Carmel residents spent the day in driving around the beach while a large number went in swimming. What a chamber of commerce wouldn't do for that line: "Swimming in January!"

AUDIENCE PRAISES CONCERT AT GROVE

Considerable praise was won Tuesday night by the Pacific Grove Choral and Orchestra Club when it presented to a large audience, Handel's oratorio, "The Messiah."

All of the soloists sang well. The entire production gave evidence of the constant training and the ability of Director Edward C. Hopkins to fit the singers with their pieces. Ray Faulkner, attracted much attention in his singing of "Who May Abide the Day?" and "Thus Thus Saith the Lord."

Probably the outstanding soloist was Mrs. Elmarie Hulbert Hyler. Her performance of the alto solo, "Come Unto Me, All Ye That Labor," was one of the biggest surprises experienced during the concert.

Both the chorus and the orchestra are improving and Tuesday night's performance gave every proof of this. In the Hallelujah chorus, they sang with power and precision. They are now more able to follow their director than before.

Mrs. Carol Moore Turner supported the chorus by playing the organ while Gordon L. Wilson, contributed to the success of the concert with his piano accompaniment.

SUNSET SCHOOL NEWS

The Seventh grade art class is engaged in bookmaking for the next three weeks. We are now making covers for the books. These books will be on the Progress of Civilization. It seems to be the style to have black and white covers but I think pretty colored covers will be made by some of the students. Some of the students are making block prints, some cut paper designs, and others are drawing their designs right on the paper.

The Glee Club of Sunset school directed by Miss Currey started again this term. We are going to put on a performance in March. We will charge a small amount for admission. The Glee Club is becoming quite a success and perhaps next year we shall have regular school time in which to practice.

On January 10th, the Eighth grade gave the Seventh grade a party in the evening. Games and dancing furnished entertainment. The party closed with the serving of delicious refreshments. The Seventh grade enjoyed the party immensely and wishes to thank the Eighth grade.

—Marie DeAmaral.

OLD RESIDENT PASSES

The following letter from Yvonne K. Navas-Rey tells of the probable passing of Peter, one of Carmel's oldest and most beloved canine residents. Peter's delightful habit of backing up to you, twisting his head way around with a good-natured bark to let you know he wanted his back scratched, was only one of several idiosyncrasies that gave this dog individuality.

Quoting from Mrs. Navas-Rey's letter:

"You think you would like to live in New York. Well you don't realize the extent of the crime wave here; it is unbelievable.

"It has taken my darling Peter; I had the fatal idea of driving right into Columbia on the 6th, partly because the landlady here did not like him and he did not feel in a friendly atmosphere, and partly because I thought in that way he would be alone only for an hour and have the drive, which he loved. No one had told me the extent of the crime wave and I don't read such stuff, unfortunately. I was at a lecture for an hour and when I came out the Whippet was gone with Peter who was tied in it, my tan coat being buttoned around his neck. As I finished buttoning it he lunged towards me, dreading evidently to be left in a strange place.

"I had always had a great psychological fear of New York which I was trying to conquer. As I drove in I kept saying to myself: "New York is a friendly place and I never knew it." That is how friendly it was—it handed my Peter over to the bandits. . . .

"It is probable that the youthful bandits who stole him and the car shot him as soon as they could do so safely. I hope they did. He was old; they couldn't sell him for anything."

CHEST FUND STILL $3,000 SHY OF NEEDS

Subscriptions to Monterey peninsula's Community Chest fund now total nearly $22,000, leaving the drive still about $3,000 short of its goal, according to information obtained from Chest headquarters. Of this amount, approximately $14,000 has been paid in cash. Interest earnings on bank deposits will probably add a substantial sum to the cash total, which will dwindle through the year as the various recipient agencies receive their pro rata share under the budgets approved by the Chest directors.

Balance

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No. 2	Hacienda Aspar. Pack String Beans		23c
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2 Lb.	Can Snow Drift		47c
	Fandango Hot Sauce	4 for	15c
No. 2½	Fandango Sliced Peaches (Yellow)		16c
	Sperry's Pancake Flour (Large Pkg.)		25c
10 Lb.	Globe A. I. Flour		39c
	Clorox	2 for	25c
1 Lb.	Blue & White Coffee		35c
	Blue & White Margarine		13c
	Guest Ivory Soap	4 for	17c
	Kellogg's Pep (Pkg.)		10c
	Jolly Time Pop Corn	2 for	25c
	Oxydol		17c

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SUNSET SCHOOL ELECTS STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

Student body officers of Sunset school have been selected as follows:

President, Joe Schoeninger; vice president, Paula Schraps; secretary, Bernard Schulte; business manager, Walter Nelson; faculty advisor, Miss Jean Wallace.

The class officers are the following:

Third Grade

President, Rose Marilyn Funchess; vice president, Billie Frolli; secretary, Julian Burnette.

Fourth Grade

President, Jaqueline Lee, vice president, Bob Farley; secretary, Franklin Hayford.

Fifth Grade

President, Raymond Brownell; vice president, Joyce Uzzell; secretary, Joan Bayley.

Sixth Grade

President, Jean Thompson; vice president, Peggy Crane; secretary, Gertrule Foland.

Seventh Grade

President, Gordon Bain; vice president, Jean Sturt; secretary, Marjorie Hastings.

STEEPLE CHASING AT MARION HOLLINS' CLUB

The sports loving public of the Monterey Bay district, will have an opportunity to witness a steeplechase at the Pasatiempo Golf and Country Club, owned and operated by Miss Marion Hollins, on Sunday, March 15th.

This event will be the first of five meets to be staged by the Pacific Coast Steeplechase and Racing Association and should attract many people. Bob Mucks, publicity director for the Pasatiempo interests, is at present preparing a turf track, one and one-third miles in length, which will have eight jumps. Some of the finest steeplechasing horses in the United States will compete in seven races. Money stakes and cups will be presented to the winners. The Pacific Coast Steeplechase and Racing Association will hold five similar meets in California, two weeks apart, at the following places: Del Monte, Burlingame, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.

CHARGE AGAINST SHERIFF DISMISSED

Suit of Albert Rovera and his wife aganist two Monterey county officials for $5,682 damages was dismissed on a nonsuit application filed in federal court in San Francisco, a few hours after the trial opened.

Rovera and his wife charged Carl H. Abbott, sheriff of Monterey county in 1928, and G. R. Cano, constable of Pajaro township, raided their home January 28, 1928, and seized 12 barrels of grapejuice. They claimed the raid was made without a search warrant.

At the trial, a search warrant was produced, bearing the date of February 16, 1929, which the officers said was the actual date of the raid. Mrs. Rovera was arrested and convicted of violating the prohibition laws. The action then was dismissed.

"ELIZABETH THE QUEEN" TO HAVE READING

"When one person, standing on a platform without scenery, without properties, without atmosphere, can portray all of the characters to the point of making you live the play—I say they are doing something big—and to me that is what you are doing"—Margaret Davis.

To many, Mrs. Hugh Brown has filled an indispensable part of San Francisco's dramatic development in her readings of current New York productions. On Saturday evening, February 7, in the Denny-Watrous Gallery, she will read the play that Lynn Fontanne has made so famous in the New York Theater Guild, "Elizabeth the Queen."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH

"Love" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon Sunday, February 1, in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, branches of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass.

The citations which comprise the Lesson-Sermon will include the following from the Bible: "Beloved let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love" (I John 4:7, 8).

The Lesson-Sermon also will include the following passage from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy: "God is individual, incorporeal. He is divine Principle, Love, the universal cause, the only creator, and there is no other self-existence. He is all-inclusive, and is reflected by all that is real and eternal and by nothing else" (p. 331).

NOTED PACIFIST HAS 88TH BIRTHDAY

On Sunday, his 88th birthday, Edward Berwick was the guest of honor at a dinner given at the Monterey Peninsula Country club, at which Miss Sarah Parke and Miss Nellie Smith were hostesses.

The pleasant affair was attended by a small group of Mr. Berwick's friends and admirers, including the two hostesses, Mrs. Berwick, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dexter, Dr. and Mrs. Tage Skogsberg, Miss Edna A. Tremaine, and Mr. J. F. Hopkins. A similar affair is given on Mr. Berwick's birthday each year.

Miss Elizabeth Ingels, who has been connected with newspapers on the peninsula for several years, has gone into the advertising business and will handle a number of local accounts.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Kingsley of Boston, Massachusetts, have just concluded a month's vacation on the peninsula. Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley were recently married in the East and have been enjoying their honeymoon touring through California. They will return to Boston late in the spring.

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A wonderful dinner

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Owner is willing to make a special arrangement to the right people as to terms, the purchase price being amortized over a ten-year period

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Sportswear . . . .
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Our new dresses, hats, and coats, are of such interchangeable and versatile possibilities that they meet all the vagaries of our temperature and your temperament.

They are specially selected for town, village and country-side; for the field, links, or courts; for the glare of the sun—the patter of the rain—the spray of the sea; and they can be had in all the new colors and in materials you can wear "right now." All are priced for thrifty purses.

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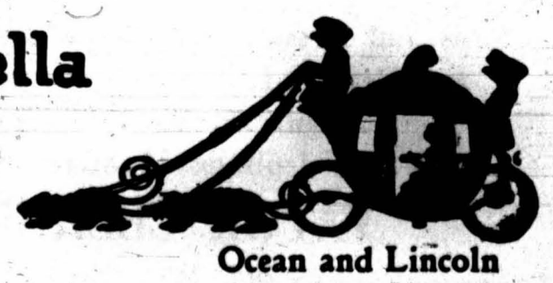

Ocean and Lincoln

Mina Hager's Program Pleases Music Lovers

Mina Hager, mezzo soprano, who comes to the Carmel Theatre as the next attraction of the Carmel Music Society next Tuesday night, February 3, has arranged a program particularly acceptable to music lovers here. The advance sale of tickets indicates a large attendance, and it is safe to predict that the engagement will be one of the best liked of the winter's offerings.

The program is as follows:

1. Salve Regina. Pergolesi Largo — lAllegreto — Andante con gracia.
2. What If I Never Speede? ..... Dowland
   Sweet Was the Song....Attey
   Sweet Nymphe ..... Morley
   (Old English songs arranged by Leo Sowerby)
3. Hat Dich Die Liebe Beruhrt ..... Joseph Marx
   Waldseligkeit .... Joseph Marx
   Ich Bin Eine Harfe ..... Erich Wolff
   Leidenschuh' Uber Leisten ..... Erich Wolff
   Von Gold ..... Erich Wolff
   Ewig ..... Erich Wolff
4. Le Dromadaire—
   Les Poils De Cette Chevre—
   Le Sauterelle—
   Le Dauphin—
   L'Ecrivisse—
   La Carpe—
   From "Le Bestaire"....Poulenc
   La Chevelure ..... Debussy
   Ma Poupee Cherie .... Severac
   Chanson Pour Le Petit Chival ..... Severac
5. Panis Angelicus ..... Caesar Franck
   Allelujah (17th century Easter hymn ..... Arr. by O'Connor-Morris

NEW AUTHORS HAVE CHANCE DURING 1931

Here is good news for the short story writer who has not as yet "arrived." The year 1931 will be a good year for them, because editors are seeking new authors and will give particular attention to the manuscripts bearing the name of a new writer. This is the declaration of Miss Rebecca N. Porter, a member of the faculty of the Extension Division of the University of California, who is opening short story classes in Los Angeles. Miss Porter has had many years of experience in conducting short story classes, and among her former pupils are some of the best known authors of today. She has made an intensive study of the short story market and bases her conclusions upon the expressions of a number of magazine editors.

"This is indeed a good year for western writers who write of the west, and particularly those who write about California," said Miss Porter. "Western fiction is increasing in popularity among the readers of our better magazines. The short, short story is meeting with increased demand. The present economic condition is probably the cause of the search for new authors. New authors do not demand so much for their work as do writers who are already established."

NEW MONASTERY IS BUILT FOR SISTERS

The new Carmelite monastery, three miles below here on the Coast highway is quickly rising up and will be ready this year. When completed it will be occupied by the Carmelite Sisters who now live on Carmel Point.

The building will be of steel and reinforced concrete construction. It will be three stories high and will cost around $250,000.

Plans call for a chapel in the center with wings on either side. In one of the wings will be rooms for the sisters and in the other will be the reception rooms. A large garden will be enclosed by a high wall where the sisters will be constantly in seclusion. Funds for the building were donated by a member of a prominent California family whose name has not been divulged.

CARMEL BRIDE

At a charming wedding ceremony in Stanford Memorial chapel Miss Jane Elizabeth Foster of Carmel became the bride of Mr. Louis H. Cahen of San Francisco. Only immediate relatives witnessed the pretty wedding.

Miss Foster who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fenton Foster of Carmel, was given in marriage by her father. The ceremony took place at 4:30 o'clock on Friday, January 23, with Rev. Charles Gardner officiating.

The bride was lovely in a formal afternoon gown of biege lace. She wore a picture hat to match and carried a shower bouquet of gardenias and lilies of the valley.

Miss Barbara Normand of Carmel, was maid of honor. Mr. Robert Cahen of San Francisco, brother of the groom, was the best man.

CARMEL GIRL ENGAGED

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Dickinson of Memphis Tenn. announce the engagement of their daughter Virginia Laurel Harris and Peter Stuart Burk of London England. Miss Harris is well known in Carmel being in charge of the Palace drug store. She studied Pharmacy at the University of Tennessee. Mr. Burk, after serving four and a half years in active service with the British Cavalry in France and the near East, travelled extensively in the Orient and has spent the last two years writing. The wedding is planned for the future and they plan to make their home in Carmel.

Dr. and Mrs. David Roberg have returned to their home in San Jose after spending the week end with friends in Carmel.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Lombadie of Oakland and Mrs. Carl A. Houston of New York were the week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Reamer in their home on Carmel Point.

* * *

Mr. Conrad Imelman left today for San Francisco on a business trip.

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10 A. M. TO 10 P. M. • RAIN OR SHINE
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THOUSANDS of people from all over the world visit the Ford plant every year. See what they see! Hear what they hear! You'll say this is an unusually entertaining and instructive picture.
SEE ACTUAL FORD CAR SAWED IN TWO
Women as well as men show great interest in this revelation of vital mechanical parts that are seldom seen. Shows valves, pistons, cylinders — fuel, cooling, ignition and lubrication systems — how the body, seats and upholstery are made — how the different layers of paint are put on. There's also a cut-away Ford truck chassis. Many things you have always wanted to know clearly explained.
ALSO SEE
—First complete showing of all the new Ford cars in this vicinity. Includes the smart new De Luxe Bodies — Ford trucks and delivery cars.
—The Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield that will not fly when broken.
—How Rustless Steel exterior parts are made, from the sheet metal to the ever-gleaming finished products.
—Why Ford steel-spoke wheels are so strong and sturdy — how the wheel is welded in one piece.
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—How the crankshaft and camshaft are made — from the original steel bar to final machining and polishing.
—And many other features which make this free show well worth your time.
see
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California Home Catsup
"The Finest Made"
Full 18 oz. Bottles 19c

20 MULE TEAM
Borax Chips
Large Package 29c

Juice Oranges
2 Dozen 29c

Carnation Wheat Cakes
The Vitamin Food
Large Package 23c

S. & W. Corn
"Sweet and Tender"
2 tins 35c

S. & W. Peas
"Taste Like Fresh"
2 tins 39c

S & W
Boston Brown Bread
2 tins 35c

Lux Flakes
Large Size
2 for 45c

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3 Carmel deliveries daily
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OCEAN AVENUE, CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA

DEL MONTE
COFFEE

per lb. 35c

Oddly Enough - - -

By Herbert Cerwin

. . . Sinclair Lewis, when he was in Carmel and even after he became famous, used to sell his plots on a 40 per cent commission basis of what the author received for the developed story. Stephen A. Reynolds was one of the writers who purchased plots from Lewis.

* * *

. . . Gordon Newall, a woodcarver, has his home in the center of a wood pile! That's solving the overhead and cost of material problem.

* * *

. . . John Victor, manager of the Carmel Theater, was manager of the first full talking moving picture theater on the Pacific Coast.

* * *

. . . There are 13 physicians in Carmel all qualified to practice. We let the reader determine if that's bad luck—we mean the number 13, of course!

* * *

. . . Lewis Josselyn is a photographer by profession but when he joined the army, he registered as a cook. That's one way of getting something to eat in the army.

* * *

. . . There's an article in this month's issue of a popular magazine on the Carmel Yacht Club. Allen Knight is reported to be Commodore of the Club. So far we have been unable to find any trace of the organization except that some of the pictures illustrating the article show the Del Monte bath house as the burned club rooms of the Carmel Club.

* * *

. . . It seems that to become a successful writer you have to be a football player. Fred Bechdolt, Jimmy Hopper and James French Dorrance all played football back in college. Jimmy for a while was coach at U. C.

* * *

. . . El Fumador cigar store spells its name two different ways. Sometimes with an "a" before the "r" and on other occasions with an "o" before the "r." Using the "o" is the correct Spanish spelling of the word.

* * *

WATCH OUT!
YOU MIGHT BE NEXT!

JAMES MAY MAKE EINSTEIN BUST

Austin James, who for many years was a resident of Carmel and is now a prominent Pasadena sculptor, is making arrangements to do a bust of Albert Einstein, it was learned during his visit here this week.

James won considerable reputation for his portrait of Dr. Millikan whom Einstein is now visiting. James has also been commissioned to make a bust of Dr. Michaelson, the discoverer of the light ray, on which most of Einstein's theory is based.

Miss Virginia Brown of Carmel is spending this week in San Francisco.

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1931 IS OUR FORTY-SECOND YEAR

SALINAS - GONZALES - KING CITY
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Moira Wallace Art Exhibit Will Come Soon

The half-way mark between realistic and modernistic art is reached in the work of Moira Wallace, youthful Carmel artist, whose unusual exhibition of portraits and "imaginative" drawings opens tomorrow at the Seven Arts Gallery.

Carmel residents who have seen Miss Wallace's work at various intervals in past years will be attracted by the development that time and constant training has brought. Miss Wallace even in the early days of her career, has always had the gifted ability to put power into her work

In the line drawings and paintings she has now in exhibition, this power has been strengthened. In addition, her brush has carried the necessary action behind it to put life into her lines. Her work is now more polished and rounded than befor.

Undoubtedly this can be traced to the fact that Miss Wallace has proceeded with new courage in her work. Her lines seem to say: "I know this is different. You may not like it—but it is good."

Miss Wallace's work can neither be called modernistic nor realistic. Original it is—but not that originality which causes an artist to distort a figure merely to be different. Miss Wallace's work has a purpose behind it. What that purpose is, heaven only knows, for she doesn't.

To be preferred is some of her portrait work which unquestionably stamps her as an artist in the true sense of the word. In some way, they possess that rounded development so similar to sculpture. One of her pictures, "Farewell to the Sea," is a fair example of the work of which Miss Wallace is capable.

Miss Wallace, the daughter of Grant and Margaret Wallace, was born and received most of her training in Carmel. As early as when she was thirteen years of age, her work began to attract interest. Three years later, she held her first exhibition in San Francisco and was hailed as a child prodigy by the art critics.

From that time on, she has done newspaper illustrations, art work for one of the largest advertising firms on the coast and her own varied pictures. She has studied under Armin Hansen and rounded than before.

Her exhibition, which opens tomorrow, will be similar to the one held in November at the East West gallery in San Francisco. Her pictures there attracted so much interest that Miss Wallace was persuaded to exhibit here.

The general impression after an examination of her pictures, seems to be that Miss Wallace has not yet really found herself. She is experimenting. Almost every picture in the exhibit is different in some aspect. When she has finished the experiments; when she has discovered what she really wants to do; she will awake to find herself on the top of her profession without really knowing it.

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MYSTERIOUS TIBET AT PLAYHOUSE

When Major W. H. Cross, a noted Scotch mining engineer who spent the last twenty years in Tibet and Mongolia, steps onto the stage of Carmel Playhouse, Friday February 10, his audience will be transported for a brief hundred minutes to the mysterious Roof of the World. Major Cross, at present advising engineer to the famous Tsong Du mines of Mongolia, has penetrated further into Mongolia and the still stranger Tibet than any other living traveller of whom there is any record.

A racy, incisive speaker on Far Eastern affairs in general, his lecture, illustrated with photographic slides not to be duplicated anywhere in the world, takes his audience "Through the Land of Living Gods," from the mighty barrier of the Himalayas through forbidden and dangerous country of the lamas to the Place of Spirits, Hla-sa, the Forbidden City. A magazine writer, commenting on Major Cross' presentation of some of the fascination and mystery of this strange region, has said that what he brings to us from this ancient civilization and its almost inaccessible seats of learning and occultism "is so alien to Western knowledge that it would be incredible but for the wide reputation of the narrator."

Mrs. Cross, herself a writer who was many years in charge of a hospital in the Himalayan country, will give a short introductory talk.

PROTEST DECORATIONS ON TELEGRAPH HILL

Many protests have been received lately in regard to the absurd "classic" decorations on the top of ragamuffin, goatish Telegraph Hill. Mrs. Edmund M. Brown, chairman of history and landmarks of the City and County Federation, expresses herself thus:

"All the formal urns and the balustrade should be removed. They are entirely out of keeping with the traditions of the hill. There should, of course, be beautification but it should be of a less formal type and more in keeping with Will Irwin's famous poem on the hill. I have wondered if a replica of the old signal station could not be placed on the site if a marker is needed—just a tiny replica after the manner of a shrine. At any rate classical architectural adornment seems to me entirely out of place on this spot which breathes so of the San Francisco of the days of '49."

After all, why not let the top of the hill (after carefully removing the "decorations,") revert to its former wild state? There are so many formal, tiresome parks. Many people like to wander about the rough top of the hill before it was "improved," busy their imaginations with the early days of the hodge-podge city, gazing out across gray fog-flecked miles of masonry, contemplating artists sketching and goats eyeing them satirically,, listening to the wind sighing in the eucalyptus. How would it do, for a change, just to let things alone? As my Italian friend says, "Joost so queeck you gona tooch 'eem, you gona r-r-uin 'eem!"—The S. F. Wasp-Newsletter.

SECTION MEETINGS OF THE WOMAN'S CLUB

Book section—February 4 and th, 10 o'clock, Girl's Scout House.

Current Events—February 11 and 25, 10 o'clock, Girl's Scout House.

Bridge—February 9 and 23, 2 o'clock, Girl's Scout House.

Garden—February 5 at Mrs. Walter Johnston's, Casanova between 10th and 11th.

February 19 at Mrs. Ford's, Junipero and 11th.

The Carmel Art Association
will give a complimentary dinner to—
MR. PAUL DOUGHERTY
the eminent marine painter of New. York, Tuesday evening, February tenth at Pine Inn. All desiring to attend this dinner will please send their names to Pine Inn not later than Friday, February 6.
DINNER 6:30 TICKETS $1.00

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COMING!
Major W. H. Cross
who has penetrated further into Tibet and Mongolia than any other living traveller
In a fascinating illustrated talk
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CARMEL PLAYHOUSE TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 10

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EDMUND LOWE
All Talking Picture

Saturday January 31
The Truth About Youth
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Sunday & Monday February 1 & 2
WILL ROGERS
in
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Wednesday February 4
Love in the Rough
From the Musical Comedy Success "Spring Fever"
ROBERT MONTGOMERY — BENNY RUBIN
DOROTHY JORDAN — J. C. NUGENT

Thursday & Friday February 5 & 6
JANET GAYNOR and CHARLES FARRELL
in
The Man Who Came Back

HOW THE PUPPETS WRITE THEIR PLAYS

By Grace Wickham

(The Perry Dilley puppets, of which Grace Wickham is a puppeteer, play at the Denny-Watrous Galleries tomorrow afternoon and evening.)

First the director chooses a story. He plots out the scenes, and makes the puppets in the characters they are to portray. Then rehearsals begin, and continue for weeks, sometimes for months, before the play is ready for the audience to take part in it. The play develops during rehearsals, in the manner of the Commedia dell' Arte. The pup pets at first are awkward and dumb, and don't seem to know just what to say; they talk at random sometimes, and say most surprising things. The director keeps the good lines they say, and discards those that are uninteresting or unnecessary. He "sets" some actions and takes out others. Then, as the operators come to learn each puppet's personality better, the figures take on more and more characteristic movement, express more and more of their emotions, and show the story with growing vividness.

At last the puppets take things into their own hands. Only when that happens is the play ready for its opening, because when a puppet is obviously being moved around by someone in a voice not his own, one, and being spoken for by you don't believe what he says, nor enjoy watching him. And his business, of course, is to convince you of something, usually of something impossible.

Of course sometimes the puppets don't develop along the lines you intended, but turn out quite differently. This causes complications in the plot! If a parrot, for instance, was intended to appear for a couple of minutes as somebody's pet, and turns out to be really the leading man, you either have to throw him out and adopt a kitten, or change your story to allow for a parrot to be the leading man. Usually the best thing to do in a case like that is to promise him a play for himself later, and then he'll settle down into his proper unimportance, hopefully, and the plot can go on as intended.

The business of the puppeteer is to understand so thoroughly the character and personality of each puppet that every word, tone and movement will be true and expressive.

The audience takes a part in the Puppet's play-writing too. Many good lines and pieces of "business" have occurred by spontaneous combustion as puppet met audience! But these ornaments only appear on the solid foundation of the operator's knowledge of the character he is playing. While he does not make actual portraits of people, from real life, the raw material from which he builds is his own experience and observation of those around him.

Finally, when the puppets have made the play, and the audience has polished it off, the business manager gets out the typewriter, calls the puppeteers together, and writes it all down.

In the return engagement of the Perry Dilley Puppets in the Denny-Watrous Gallery tomorrow afternoon and evening, the program will be as follows: "The Black King," or "The Adventures of a Chimney-Sweep," prefaced by "Boiled Celery" for the matinee performance, and "Columbine's Birthday" for the evening.

JURY DECIDES AGAINST CARMELITE'S CLAIM

Damages of $25,000 asked by Mrs. Ottilie J. Lowell, widow of Dr. Lowell of Carmel, were denied last week by a superior court jury in Salinas. Mrs. Lowell was suing Arthur Hateley of Pebble Beach as the result of an automobile accident on March 22, 1928 in which she was seriously injured.

Mrs. Lowell charged that the crash was due to the negligent driving on the part of Hateley. Mrs. Lowell suffered serious injuries which she claimed were of a permanent nature. Dr. Lowell, who was co-plaintiff when the suit was filed, was killed last August when his car went into a ditch on the Carmel Highlands road.

In giving out the verdict, the jury was out but thirty-five minutes. Only three ballots, it was understood, were taken. Judge H. G. Jorgensen presided at the trial.

The jury consisted of: Fred Edwards, George C. Miller, Edna M. Lauritzen, Stanley L. Burchell, Charles Curn, Claire R. Duck, Elizabeth Lynn, George T. Scott, Minnie B. Chappel, Gus Melissa, George W. Parsons and Les A. Hables.

The Carmel Art Association will give a complimentary dinner to Mr. Paul Dougherty, the eminent marine painter of New York, who is now in Carmel. It is hoped that all the friends of the Association as well as the members will attend the dinner at Pine Inn, Tuesday evening, February 10th at 6:30 and welcome Mr. and Mrs. Doughtery who, by the way, are planning to build at the Highlands.

Russell Easton, recently returned from a continental motor trip, is a guest at the home of his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Menefee of Pebble Beach.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. G. Arthur Kelley of Oakland were weekenders in Carmel. Mr. Kelley was formerly a member of the Carmel Press.

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Stray Sheets of Manuscript

GOD AND THE ANGELS MIGHT CLAIM THE TOWN

From Town Tidings, a lively magazine published in Buffalo, New York, we lift the following story of Carmel, written by Lilian Fairchild. The magazine was sent us by John C. Cobb of North Collins, N. Y., a frequent visitor here, and a subscriber to the Pine Cone.

Down the coast between San Francisco and Los Angeles is Monterey, and a short drive from Monterey brings us to a little town which God and the Angels might claim as their own —Carmel-by-the-Sea. Gentle hills and pine forests look down upon Carmel on the one side, while on the other is a bay so mottled in color that we feel some giant artist has dropped his palette in the water and left it there to distract the rainbow by its many hues. White sand dunes dip down into the bay, sand dunes dotted with tiny desert flowers that fill the air with a delicious fragrance. Close by the shore, clusters of amber kelp, that strange giant sea weed, struggle with the incoming tide, and the translucent colors of abalone shells dissolve and disappear for a moment in an impetus rush of the indigo sea.

Look farther 'round the bay where the white sand dunes give way to rocky precipitous headlands and the black cypresses of Monterey gaze down with the serenity of their great age upon the turbulent ocean as it breaks against the coast. From Point Lobos at one end of the arc, to Pebble Beach at the other, Carmel's bay glistens like a soap bubble. The houses that straggle along the shore have borrowed their colors from the sea, their shutters are jade green, their window sashes are coral, their trimmings are of azure and gold and pink, their walls of ivory, while their patios are fragrant with heliotrope and fuchsias that hang above your head, and with "baby blue eyes" that blink at you from the garden bed. Back among the pines are the Eighty Acres, the haunt of artists and writers, and in the tiny bungalows, half hidden under the tall trees, much of our modern art and literature is born.

Shall we explore this glorious country-side, the famous Seventeen Mile Drive that encircles the peninsula of Monterey? Many miles have been added to the original seventeen, and now from quaint, foreign Monterey and Del Monte with its gorgeous gardens we motor past the presidio where a regiment of Uncle Sam's "regulars" is stationed and follow the sand dunes close to a sea that beggars description. We stop at a point where the currents from the north, the south, the east and the west, in a vortex of passion, are battling for supremacy. A tall cross stands out against the blue ocean. It is in memory of the sailors who went down to the sea in their ship off this rugged point. The waves foam about Bird Rock and Seal Rock, where thousands of these creatures play in the sunshine, and beyond them in the open sea a geyser shows us that even the whales have chosen this coast as their playground. Upward we climb through the pine forest where a deer, startled by the hum of our motor car, leaps across the road and disappears in an instant. Then from our great height we see the limitless expanse of the Pacific Ocean.

But if we go down the coast in the opposite direction, from Carmel-by-the-Sea to the Big Sur, we discover one of nature's masterpieces. In many places this Coast Highway is chipped through the solid rock. It clings to the jagged coast, it winds over mountains which stand with their feet in the sea, and far below we see a mad, foaming ocean.

A mile or so down the road from Carmel is the old Spanish Mission, for back in 1770, Fra Junipero Serra, sent by Philip II of Spain to carry the light of the true religion to his subjects in the New World, made his way up the Camino Real from Los Angeles and here he founded his second mission. Here in Carmel, a stone's throw from the sparkling ocean, is the church where thousands of Indians flocked to hear the strange words of the good father. Here in Carmel he is buried. Climb the outside stairway that leads to the old belfry and look across the country that Junipero Serra loved. A little river flutters through the green fields. Over there great masses of lupine raise their clusters as though trying to catch a glimpse of the ocean. A field of golden poppies sways in the breeze, and from the venerable "live oaks" in the distance, long grey moss floats like a nebulus, and hides the gnarled branches. The Mission stands alone in these surroundings, and here Junipero Serra sleeps his long sleep.

* * *

From Fiesole, Italy, comes word of the George Stones, who are traveling over Europe, partly for pleasure, partly to add to Mr. Stone's mavelous collection of educational photographs. Mrs. Stone writes, acknowledging a Christmas card, saying, "It came in time for our tree, and was read Christmas Eve with other messages of love and good cheer from friends who thought of us, so far away. Our little tree stood in the wide window, and the lights of old Florence came up and mingled with its lights—such a lovely picture!

"At midnight, to the music of bells, we climbed the steep hillside to the ancient Etruscan citadel above Fiesole, and heard part of the midnight mass in the little, old church of San Francisco, on top of the hill.

We were five Americans for our turkey-plum-pudding dinner in our own little villino, and a tiny American flag made the centerpiece. Art students, working in the galleries, whom George had met and liked—two women and a young man. George is doing some fine work in the galleries, and is given unusual opportunities with his camera.

"We will be here about six weeks longer and then on to Rome, via the hill towns."

HOW FORDS ARE BUILT

Arrangements were completed for the holding of a travelling Ford show at Salinas for 3 days beginning January 29, Mr. L. H. Levinson, local Ford dealer, announced today. The show, a feature of which is a sound motion picture of a trip through the plants of the Ford Motor company, will be held in a large tent, and will be open to the public free of charge.

"This show will contain the complete line of Ford cars and trucks and a number of special exhibits designed to show the public how they are built," Mr. Levinson said, "One of the most interesting exhibits will be a Tudor cut in half to reveal the details of its construction."

The show carries its own tent and travels from town to town in Ford trucks. It will be exhibited here through the cooperation of the local dealers and the Ford Motor company branch.

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NO TOURNAMENT ON SUPER-SANDWICHES (15c)
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Hot Chocolate (2 cups plus all the whipped cream you want) 15 cents
Coffee (plenty of full cream) 10 cents
Follow the "haut monde" to the Carmel Dairy for luncheon! Watch the contestants at the counter drain the great shakers while you, in a secluded booth, sip from yours in unalloyed contentment
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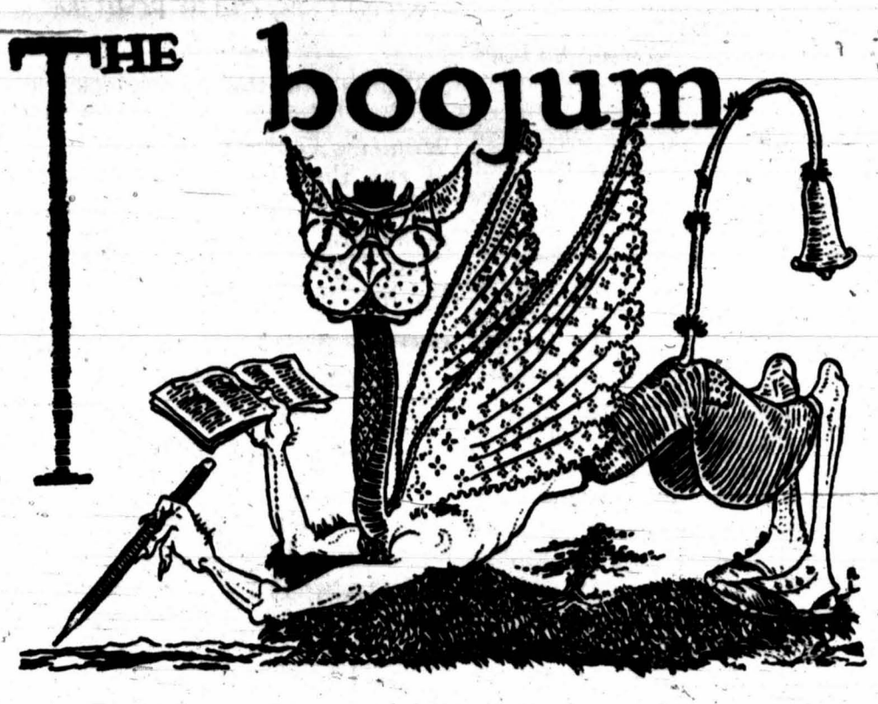
MONTE VERDE AT NINTH CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA

THE boojum



Reminiscing is not one of the Boojum's favorite pastimes. He believes that sufficient unto the day are the evils thereof. Not having a past to which he can point with pride, he is quite willing to let bygones be bygones. A day or so ago, however, he receveid a newspaper clipping that has carried him back, not merely to his childhood, but to the legendary period of the middle eighties. The Boojum has found much joy in that clipping, which is from a small town in the northern prairie country, and he hopes that one or two of his patient readers will not mind taking a brief journey to a place that lies far from Carmel in time and space.

The scene is a log cabin close by a frozen creek that runs through a famous cattle ranch, the W bar. The time is the Christmas of 1884. The characters are Monsieur Pierre Wibaux, owner of the W bar, and his bride of a few months. They are snowed in, as isolated as two people could be anywhere in these United States. Of course Wibaux's cow hands are in their bunk house not far away, but they do not figure in the little drama that is being enacted in the cabin.

* * *

In the center of the room is a table, magnificent with a white cloth and real silverware. Madame Wibaux flutters between the table and the stove, while Monsieur, who looks much more like an artist than a cattleman, does what he can to help her. At last she opens the oven door and triumphantly draws out a beautifully roasted turkey. It represents much foresight, that bird, and an open purse. It was ordered weeks before, and it has travelled a weary way by train and by horseback, arriving just before the big snow. So too have come all the traditional trimmings.

All is in readiness. Madame Wibaux whisks off her apron, and Monsieur removes the flour-sack about his middle, and lo! they are both in formal dinner dress. They stand facing each other across the table, each with a glass of champagne, and pledge each other's health and happiness. Monsieur hastens around the little board table and seats his wife. Then he carves. They eat, laughing and talking, and through the leaky sod roof the melting snow sends trickles of water down on the feast. But what is a leaky roof to these two?

* * *

This the story the clipping tells. Twenty years after that memorable Christmas dinner the Boojum, as a small child, played in the ruins of that log cabin. Not far away stood a large house—the mansion that Pierre Wibaux had later built for his family—and when school days began for the Boojum it was in one room of the otherwise deserted mansion that he learned his ABC's and the rudiments of the art of carving initials in desks. On the creek that flows past the cabin he learned, after a fashion, to skate, and in the same creek he learned, in summer, to swim. Across Pierre's three thousand acres and more of range land he learned to stick to the back of a cow-pony, to ride the range and, at last, to help with the round-up.

Little did the Boojum realize that he was taking part in the last scene of a great American epic. Even then the fascinating Pierre and his wife had gone—the Boojum never knew where—and soon his cattle and his horses and his cow hands followed him. Homesteaders encroached on the range, and the stockman's day was done. But the stockman and his cow hands were destined to pass on to a strange immortality in words and pictures—an immortality that, for the peace of their souls, it is just as well that they cannot know about. A hard-working unwashed cow-hand, finding himself in a heaven where he was expected to enact a role that was a cross between a rampant Don Juan, a machine gunner and a Knight of King Arthur's court, would probably die a second time of sheer embarrassment. But then, he might not appreciate being exhumed by the reminiscent Boojum, either.

HIGH SCHOOL GROWS WITH NEW ADDITIONS

Work on the construction of new buildings is quickly changing the appearance of the Monterey Union High school. The administration section, where an expenditure of $10,000 is being made, is near completion and will be ready shortly.

The construction of the $50,000 shop building is also being rushed and figures are now being prepared for the erection of the academic section at a cost of $100,000.

Bids on the academic section are scheduled to be opened by the school board on Monday, February 16. The unit will include several new class rooms, study halls, and a cafeteria. It will be located on the site of the old tennis courts, just in the rear wing of the present structure. The new building will be joined to the other by a covered arcade, making a patio between them.

The patio, according to the present plans, will be parked with lawns, shrubs and flowers, and a fountain may also be constructed there. Bids are to be opened on February 16 for the new gymnasium building. The plans call for one of the most modern physical education plants in the state.

In addition to having a large floor space and a wealth of equipment, the structure will also include a swimming pool. The pool will be outdoors, but may be enclosed later at a slight expense. This will be one of the few high school pools in California.

To the east of the pool will be one end of the gymnasium and on the north and south will be dressing rooms. All of the work is provided for by the $225,000 bond issue recently voted on by residents in the school district.

DRY TOWN ALWAYS SAYS OLD CIRCULAR

Carmel was dry long before prohibition ever came into effect, judging from an old real estate prospectus now in the possession of A. C. Jochmus, of Pacific Grove.

The prospectus was issued by S. J. Duckworth of Monterey and B. E. Duckworth of Carmel City (via Monterey). The first sale of land dates back to July 1, 1889.

Since that time, the document points out, a complete transformation has occurred. "A golden opportunity is here presented for men of enterprise to reap a golden harvest by directing their attention toward the advantages possessed by Carmel city for commercial purposes."

The prospectus definitely states that the "sale of liquor on the property is strictly prohibited." It adds that the climate in Carmel is warmer and more agreeable than Monterey!

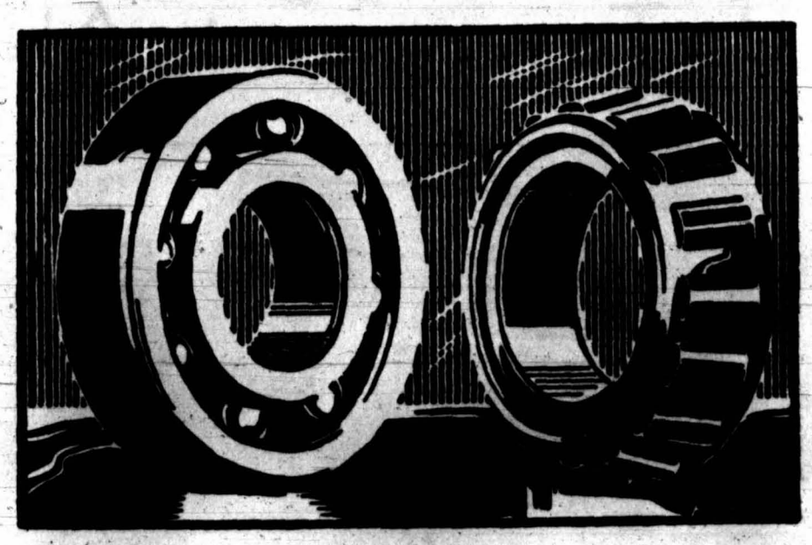
Lots could be bought at one quarter cash and balance at $10 a month. No interest. No taxes until paid for.

NEW HOUSE UNDER ERECTION AT POINT

Work on a new home on the Point for Mrs. J. Nichols is being rushed by Hugh Comstock, Carmel builder, and will be ready shortly. The architecture is of English type with a heavy shake roof and an abundance of window space. The house will cost around $5,000.

Carmel valley and the mouth of the river furnish a splendid view from the house. Mrs. Nichols, who is now a resident of Carmel, will move into the house immediately after it is finished.

FORD SMOOTHNESS



The new Ford has more than twenty ball and roller bearings

EVIDENCE of the high quality built into the new Ford is the extensive use of ball and roller bearings. There are more than twenty in all — an unusually large number. Each bearing is adequate in size and carefully selected for the work it has to do.

At some points in the Ford chassis you will find ball bearings. At others, roller bearings are used regardless of their higher cost. The deciding factor is the performance of the car.

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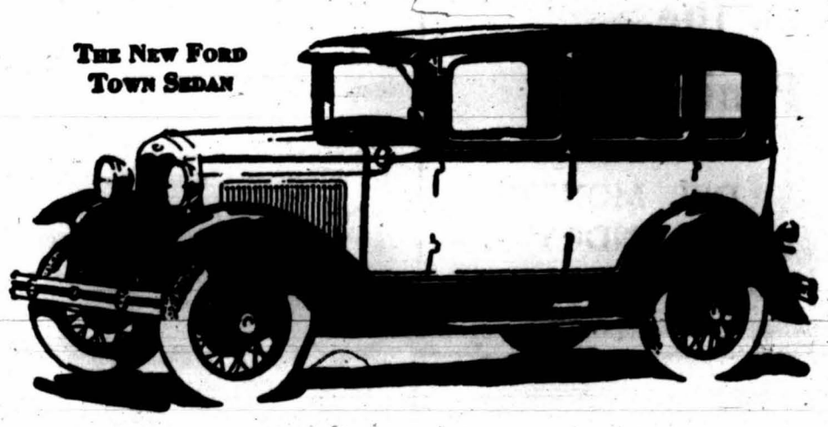
THE NEW FORD TOWN SEDAN



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WHEN SEVENTEEN WEDS SWEET SIXTEEN

(This is one of a series of articles on Carmel merchants. Others will appear from time to time.)

Melvin Lindstrom, active partner and half owner of the Dolores Cash Grocery, began his business career at fifteen, when he left high school and his father's farm near Greely, Colorado, to seek his fortune.

At the ripe age of seventeen he married Elsie Spaur, just out of high school. Their total asset consisted of the major parts of a second-hand Ford, which they promptly sold for a railroad ticket to Monterey. After two years of difficult sledding as grocery clerk, Melvin moved to Carmel because the village appealed to him as a place to live and bring up a family. He secured a position with Leidig's, then later with Campbell's grocery on Dolores, which store he now owns.

At nineteen Melvin became a father and head of a family. At twenty-three he became a proprietor of a business. And now, at twenty-five, he is owner of a home as well, and is undoubtedly one of Carmel's leading and most successful merchants. This young man's truly remarkable achievement seems an effective answer to those opposed to early marriages. From the first, Elsie Lindstrom has been his helpmate. Like so many Carmel wives, she likes nothing better than spending a busy afternoon at the store, and assisting with the bookkeeping.

Judging from his astonishing business progress one might expect Melvin to appear thin, overworked, a little bald and prematurely grey. But such is not the case. Men of outstanding talent or genius perform mountains of labor with ease and seem to have plenty of leisure. Their work agrees with them like a summer vacation. Melvin is plump, his face round and full, not a line of worry in it. He wears a continual smile, bubbles over with good humor, and is really "thrilled to pieces" with his accomplishment. And he has every reason to be.

He has paid off a five-year contract of sale for his store in just eighteen months! The first year of his ownership, sales showed a remarkable increase. Every month has shown a gain over the corresponding month of the previous year. His grocery, a "Blue and White," is in no sense a chain store. He belongs to the Blue and White association of independent merchants who have clubbed together for the sole purpose of quantity-buying. Melvin insists his remarkable growth in sales is due primarily to this organization.

Sounds easy—Melvin Lindstrom's success—doesn't it! If you think so, reader, I advise you to try the grocery business in Carmel. It is not all roses. There are plenty of thorns—like the lady who orders one cake of yeast to be delivered on the Point each morning, has it charged and buys nothing else. "And how she scolds when the delivery is late!" said Melvin, feelingly.

Melvin insists that his success is largely due to his excellent staff of clerks, and certainly they deserve a word. Probably no one knows Carmel's streets, houses, people, dogs and cats quite so well as Fred Ammerman who drives the delivery truck. Newcomers have been known to order groceries just so they could follow the truck. It was their one sure method of finding their way to the cottage they had rented.

Paul Taylor, son of the expressman, is as handy as his father with merchandise. Walter Nielson and Mitty Tobiason are as speedy in supplying a customer's wants as Wild Bill Hickman was, drawing his six-gun.

Carmel is full of young men who, in the years to come, will exercise an important influence on its growth. They are too busy making a living and building up a competence to take an active hand now in politics and city management. But the day will come when their voice will be heard. And it is a voice Carmel can well afford to listen to. They are executives and merchants, but I do not know one of the younger set who may be termed a sordid business man. Not one answers to the name "Babbitt." They have chosen Carmel as a beautiful place to live in. For what other reason would a business man choose our little village! Visit the beach after working hours. You will discover not only Carmel's poets, novelists, painters—but occasionally our younger merchants wandering along the water's edge listening to the voice of the waves.

P. T. A. MAKES SUGGESTION

Mothers and fathers who have been classed as morons by their youngsters whom they were trying to help with "home work" in reading and arithmetic, will be the special concern of the Parent Teacher Association at its next meeting, Wednesday afternoon, February 11th. Mrs. Trowbridge, one of the faculty of the Sunset School, will teach a group of six and seven year olds a lesson in reading and numbers. It's a long time since you and I were young, Mollie, and it's up to us to go and see how they do these things in a modern school. It's bad enough to have the kids think we are tottering toward the grave, but worse still to have them get the idea we don't know anything!

WOMAN'S CLUB FORUM

Watch for the announcement of the February Forum of the Woman's Club in the next issue of the Pine Cone. The speaker will be Dr. Louis Richard Patmont and his subject will be "The Spirit and the Face of Bolshevism."

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BRAIN WAVES *from* STATION KRML

Harnessed by Winsor Josselyn

She Did

During the evening they got to telling stories, and among the guests was a quite animate young wife. When her turn came, she broke out with a yarn that had all the earmarks of being on the way toward borderline.

"Oh, Gwen," put in the hostess, "from your husband's looks I don't think he's going to like that story."

"Yes he will," coyly countered the teller. "He told it to me himself."

* * *

Holiday Lesson

Another result of the festive season just past is to be borne in mind for the coming ones.

Always dress your best when you go to important blowouts. Nothing is more embarrassing than to start home and pile up the automobile and have to go to a hospital in your second-best suit. It gives a bad impression among the nurses.

* * *

Favors

Around New Year's all the hotels erupt with table favors for the diversion of guests and heightening of the evening's gaiety. And yet the paper hats and imitation noses and other wearing apparel are probably the most god-awful creations that warped minds ever let loose.

An explanation, and probably the only one, is that dyspeptic artists, working in a freezing attic, turn these things out when they're feeling their very lowest. The other side of the picture is when these horribles arrive at the table and are put on. The effect is so ghastly that the victims at once take to drink to boost their nerves, and the seeming merriment in a roomful of favor-wearers is merely the frenzy of flight from the favors, not the joy of having them.

* * *

Unfair

There is a man in southern California who owns a whole town. Now, what if this gentleman gets tangled with the law and is sentenced to jail—his jail? This brings about opportunity for pretty bad complications.

Owning the jail, he would control the keepers thereof. Controlling the keepers, he would be the guest rather than the inmate (for he probably wants everything he owns to be the best) and the keepers might find themselves the inmates. He could come and go almost as he pleased. He could even rent rooms to his friends, and could lock the guards in to make sure they would be there when he got back from the theater. He could—but the story goes on endlessly.

A sad case of our democracy going to weed.

* * *

All For The Drama

A playlet was arranged by the Salvation Army for its young charges, and it was to be given at a town fifty-odd miles distant. It was the rainy season, so the truck load of hopefuls started in good season. The instructors wanted to arrive in time for a full rehearsal in the new surroundings. Dressed to the limit of spick-and-spanness, the crew got under way.

Not many miles had been covered before the machine skidded off the road and into gooey, deep mud. Stuck, and plenty. The children were ordered out to lighten the load, and were warned to keep their spotless clothes just so. The grown-ups then gave full attention to the truck.

Night fell upon them, and with the last glimmers of twilight the truck was finally got running again. The children were called. What!—were these unrecognizable creatures the clean and tidy little folks of the afternoon? More mud could scarcely have been plastered on them with shovels.

On rocketed the truck. Arriving, the bathtubs of the neighborhood were commandeered. Clothing was borrowed—and looked it. The show went on, late and leaping. Rehearsal? Well, hardly, brother.

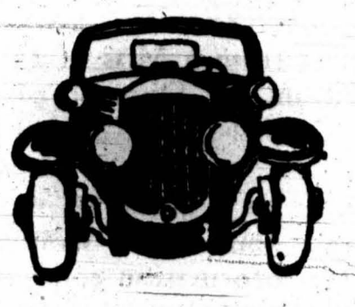
* * *

That Dog Again

Faithful Fido once more triumphs. The dog that escaped through the hole in the kennel fence, and caused the owner to say, "I don't see how he ever got out such a big hole," is at it again.

He got away and the household was in uproar. It was early morning when the departure was

(continued on page fifteen)



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EDITORIAL

WE ARE AGAIN SURPRISED

Whenever there arises a dispute that affects the aesthetic condition of Carmel, such as the present controversy over paving the down-town streets, we get a surprise. At the beginning of the discussion, it looks as though the utilitarians were in the vast majority, and that a very few artistic-minded were trying to block and hamper them.

For they are prompt and noisy, these "progressives." They have arguments cut and dried, that have served in other towns so often that they are shibboleths. They can use ridicule and sarcasm, and have that ancient and meaningless phrase, "horse sense," to back them. They can point to hundreds of examples throughout the country of exactly the thing they want and consider right.

On the other hand, the art lovers are voiceless. It is difficult to define beauty, and more difficult to find concrete examples of it anywhere in civic improvements. They are pioneering, and as in all originality, they must experiment. Theirs is the hard side of the controversy, both in argument and in the building. As against the loud and noisy and frequently sneering opposition, they seem helpless and hopeless. And they seem very lonely and friendless.

But then—if they hold out through the first onslaught—Carmel awakes. Slowly, yawningly, the village opens its eyes to the fact that its aesthetic unity is attacked, its beauty threatened. It becomes vocal, then becomes aggressive. Words come to tongues that were impotent, and arguments pile up to confute the utilitarians.

The surprise is that, instead of being in the minority, these exponents of art and beauty in civic building are almost the entire town. Business men and women are as keen for the illusive thing which has made Carmel what it is, as are the artists and writers. And, usually, they express themselves in a more understandable way. From sources the most unexpected, come the demands that Carmel shall continue to build for beauty and distinction, and retain its place as a quaint and "different" town.

IN THE KING ROW

Comes another move in the chess game; George L. Wood, president of Carmel's Masonic Club, which organization owns its cozy clubhouse on Lincoln street, down-town and convenient to all, with an invitation to players of the game to meet and discuss the formation of a club. He writes:

"In response to a recent call in the columns of the Pine Cone for the names of those interested in chess and the possible formation of a club, please put me on the list.

"And you need not be too secret about it either; in fact I am hoping for some judicious publicity. For five years or more I have been trying with little success to locate our Carmel chess players. If there is any chance to get them out and form a club I am for it.

"With this end in view I would like to get word to all who enjoy the game and desire to get in touch with others with the same weakness, to meet and talk it over. And I am bold enough to hope that you will help us by publishing a call for such a meeting.

"Place of meeting—Carmel Masonic Club, on Lincoln Street between 7th and 8th Streets.

"Time of meeting—Thursday evening, February 5th, 8:00 p. m."

Carmel Pine Cone

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIF.

Established February 3, 1915

The Carmel Pine Cone's circulation covers Carmel, and in addition, circulates widely in the Highlands, Pebble Beach, Carmel Valley and a large portion of the Peninsula. Its policy is to print the true news and promote the welfare of Carmel and the Peninsula section.

Subsciption rates: One year, $2. Six months, $1.25. Three months, 65¢
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Published weekly by the Pine Cone Press Publishing Corporation.

PERRY NEWBERRY and HAL GARROTT, Publishers.

Printed by the Carmel Press, Inc.

WINTER PIECE

Who walks with winter
On a hill,
He has wonder
When he will.
Leafless alders,
Gaunt and black,
Etch horizons
At his back;
There a wraith
Of wind keens by
Shrill as geese,
And to his eye
The river lies,
A curving blade
Of Damascene
By magic made.

—Phyllis B. Morden

ETCHED IN SILVER

The night is magic
deep and still
above the roof-tops
of the town.
The moon sails through
the limpid sky
and pours her clear
cool silver down.

She etches in
sharp loveliness
of black and silver
filagree
The trees and all
the hills about,
and spills her silver
on the sea.

Oh, perfect crystal
radiance!
Oh, soft and shining
silver air!
Though never near
the sea, I know
there must be floods
of silver there!

—Leona May Ames

A WINDMILL

There's a grey mill stands
On an open down
Where the north wind
Grinds the village corn,
As the wide-flung arms
Sail round . . .

But at night
If you pass
When the rising moon
Has covered the hill
With a silver moss,
The miller sleeps
By his whitened grain
Under the arms
Of a silent cross . . .

From Trackless Winds
by John Burton.

WHAT ARE OUR RULES?

Comes a letter from a Miss of Minneapolis, addressed to the Director of the Writers' Colony, Carmel-by-the-Sea, as follows:

"As a member of a group of writers—professional and amateur—I would be grateful to you for information concerning the Writers' Colony at Carmel-by-the-Sea, California.

"Please send me any literature which will inform me as to requisites for membership, residence conditions, group relations, rates and any other features which will make evident whether or not any of our number would be eligible to membership."

The impression that we have here some sort of socialistic organization, with a general eating hall and rules of conduct and everything, is quite general, due to a habit of the newspapers in terming us an artists' colony. Frequently, new arrivals in Carmel ask the question, "Where will I find the artists' colony?" They have been led to expect something tangible and visible.

The facts are—and we will send a copy of this, blue-pencil marked, to the Miss from Minneapolis—that our writers are quite individual, and our artists are units in the citizenship of an ordinary community. They are not engaged in developing socialistic theories by practice. They are too busy writing stories and painting pictures to formulate communistic methods of living. There is, in truth, no artists' colony in Carmel.

Nor can we advise anyone with ideas of or desire for a communistic life, with "requisites for membership," "group relations"—sounds naughty, but probably isn't—and "rates," to come to Carmel to live. It is the last place in the world to satisfy him—or her. There is less intermingling of writers and artists here than would be the case where only a few lived. They might get together for mutual defense. Here there is no occasion for such an alliance. Besides, they are busy earning their daily bread.

May we at this time ask the newspaper correspondents of the various metropolitan journals and the press associations to delete that phrase from their dispatches? It is a convenient one, we know, but another phrase could be found that would express more truly the conditions here than "artists' colony." We hate to deceive and excite the Misses of Minneapolis.

CLEAN - UP TIME

This weather is ideal for a general clean-up of Carmel. It is ideal weather for most anything, but as Carmel needs cleaning-up, we recommend it specifically for that purpose. And, as a suggestion, let's begin with Devendorf Park.

For it is not fair to name a park after a very respectable citizen, and then keep it like a garbage and refuse dump. There is, somewhere on file, a plan for improving this city-owned block, and money has been

raised to cover part of the cost of beautifying. The city council and the promoters of the bright idea should get together, and either modify the plan to meet the conditions of the fund, or boost the fund to agree with the cost of the plan. No matter what future use Devendorf Park may have, there is no excuse for its continuing to be an eye-sore. During the next several months, anyway, it will continue to be unoccupied public land, and could be growing shrubs and flowers, and be a cheerful spot to greet us as we come into town.

Then the parkways in the center of Ocean avenue need attention. They should be cherished with loving diligence. Each tree along that way is an asset to Carmel, and the life of a pine in the packed soil of a main street is none too easy. Give them more room, free from parked cars, and give them a chance for water and air.

The beach has had a good washing from the winter tides and high seas. It should be kept cleaned up now. Picnickers and luncheon parties should be more careful of their refuse, or places made to deposit the debris. The beach needs guardianship.

Private owners, both down-town and in the residence districts, can add to the town's attractiveness and safety from fire by use of rake and spading fork. Attention should not stop at the fence line, but go to the center of the street. The circulars and papers that have been strewn during winter months in the yards, should be gathered for the bonfires of spring. Harvest the crop of dead stuff, and get rid of the rubbish.

It is the time of the spring clean-up, even though it is not spring yet. No safer time of year than right now for burning pine needles and dead leaves. Get a permit from our fire chief, Robert G. Leidig, and have a holocaust of the unsightly leavings of the winter. Give Carmel a clean-up.

People Talked About

The invitation came to me in the mail one day last week, signed by Maynard Dixon. "Friday," it said, "is Joe Coppa's seventieth birthday. Some of his old friends will dine at the restaurant at seven o'clock that day, and give the old boy a hand. Dutch. Joe doesn't know about it. Try to come up, and bring Jimmy Hopper, if he is around."

I couldn't come up, and neither was Jimmy Hopper around to bring. It was thirty-three years since I first ate dinner in Joe Coppa's restaurant in the old Montgomery Block. "Original Coppa's" read the sign above his door. There was another Coppa a few blocks up the same street, also claiming to be the "Original Coppa." Joe must have had something of a reputation even then, or why the imitation? Or was he, after all, the unoriginal Coppa, the imitator?

We lived upstairs in the same building with Coppa's restaurant, and ate with him when we were flush. His dinner cost thirty-five cents — with wine — but there were plenty of places near by where dinner was cheaper, if not so good. Coppa's clientele was mostly Italian in 1897, and sat at one long table with the dishes being passed from hand to hand around it. With coffee and cheese, Joe, in a very white apron and cap, would come from his kitchen and join us. Joe had a round, jovial face, ruddy of good cheer, with a very black mustache and goatee.

Xavier Martinez was the first of the crowd of San Francisco artists and writers that afterward made Coppa's place its hang-out, whom we met there. Martinez had a studio a block up the street, at 728 Montgomery. He was just back from Paris, and James D. Phelan had purchased a painting by him, and Marty was in funds. Then came Porter Garnett, Gelett Burgess and Bruce Porter, who had but recently closed the career of that unique publication, the Lark, and began eating regularly there. A separate table was given us.

To that group were added Jack London, Maynard Dixon, Jimmy Hopper, George Sterling, Harry Lafler, Bob Aiken, Amadee Joullin, and Isabel Fraser, Maisie Griswold, Anna Strunsky—all very regular at the dinner hour—and Lloyd Osborne, Charles Norris, and others who were occasional visitors. Our table would seat twenty—crowded in—and had from a dozen up to capacity, nightly, for years.

And that table—now the center table at Coppa's—was ours alone, and whether twenty people occupied it, or none, it remained our own. Customers might be turned away from the door because of tables filled to capacity, and our table almost empty. We were favored because our paintings and chalk drawings, placed upon the walls, had made Coppa's a show-place of San Francisco, and with his wonderful cooking, had given him fame.

But there is, in Gelett Burgess' novel, "The Heart Line," published in 1907, but written before the earthquake of April 1906, a better description of the old bunch at Coppa's than I could ever write. In the following, substitute the names Coppa for Fulda; Martinez for Maxim; Lafler for Benton; Sterling for Starr; Maisie Griswold for Mabel; Mrs. Newberry for Elsie Dougal, and add the fictionist's privilege of exaggeration, and one can get an idea of the place and the times.

"The party that gathered nightly at Fulda's was as remote from the world as if it had been ensconced on a desert island. It was unconscious, unaffected, sufficient to itself. Men and girls had come and gone since it had formed, but the nucleal circle was always complete. Death and desertions were unacknowledged—else the gloom would have shut down and the wine, the red wine of the country, would have tasted salt with tears. There had been tragedies and comedies played out in the group, there were names spoken in whispers sometimes, there were silent toasts drunk; but if sentiment was there, it was disguised as folly. Life still thrilled in song. Youth was not dead. Art was long and exigent.

"Tonight there were six at the round table. Maxim, an artist unhailed as yet from the East, was of all the most obviously picturesque, with a fierce mustached face and a shock of black hair springing in a wild mass from his head to draggle in stringy locks below his eyes, or with a sudden leonine shake, to be thrown back when he bellowed forth in song. He had been in Paris and knew the airs and argots of the most desperate studios. His laughter was like the roar of a convivial lion.

"Dougal, with a dog-like face and tow hair, so ugly as to be refreshing, full of common sense and kindness, with a huge mouth full of cramped teeth, and a smile that drew and compelled and captured like a charm—he sat next. Good nature and loyalty dwelt in his narrow blue eyes. His slow, labored speech was seldom smothered, even in the wit that enveloped it.

"Most masculine and imperative of all was Benton, with his blur of blue-black hair, fine tangled threads, his melting deep blue eyes, shadowy with fatigue, lighted with vagrant dreams, or shot with brisk fires of passion. His hands were strong and he had an air of suppressed power.

"The fourth man was Philip Starr, a poet not long for San Francisco, seeing that the Atheneum had already placed the laurels upon his brow—he was as far from the conventional type of poet as is possible. He had a lean, eager, sharp-cut face, shrewd, quick eye, and sinewy, long fingers. His hair was close cropped, his mouth was tight and narrow. Electricity seemed to dart from him as from a dynamo. Just now he was teaching the company a new song—an old one, rather, for it was an ancient Anglo-Saxon drinking-song, whose uproarious refrain was well fitted to the temper of the assembly.

"At one end of the table sat a young woman, petite, elf-like as a little girl, a brown, cunning, soft-haired creature, smiling, smiling, smiling, with eyes half-closed, wrinkled in quiet mirth. This was Elsie Dougal.

"Opposite her was a girl twenty-seven, with a handsome, clear-cut classic face lighted with gray eyes, limpid and straightforward, making her seem the most ingenuous of all. Mabel's hair curled unmanageable, spring springy and dark. Her face was serious anda intent till her smile broke and a little self-conscious laugh escaped.

"Starr pounded with one fist upon the table, his thumb held stiffly upright:

"'Dance, Thumbakin, dance!' he sang, and the chorus was repeated. Then with the heel of his palm and his fingers outstretched, pounding merrily in time:

"'Oh, dance ye merrymen, every one,' then with his fist as before:

"'For Thumbakin, he can dance alone;' and raising his fists high over his head, coming down with a bang:

'FOR
Thumbakin he can dance alone!'
alone!'

"They went through the song together, dancing Foreman, Middleman, Ringman, Littleman, ending in a pianissimo. Then over and over they sang that queer, ancient tune, till all knew it by heart.

"Benton pulled his manuscript from his pocket and read it confidentially to Elsie, who smiled and smiled. Starr recited his last poem while Dougal made humorous comments. Maxim broke out into a French students' chanson, so wildly improper that it took two men to suppress him. Mabel giggled hysterically and began a long, dull story which, despite interruptions, ended so brilliantly and so unexpectedly, that everyone wished he had listened.

"Then Dougal called out 'The Cavalry charge! Ready! One finger!'

"They tapped in unison, not too fast, each with a forefinger upon the table.

"'Two fingers!'

"The sound increased in volume.

"'Three fingers, four fingers, five!'

"The crescendo rose.

"'Two hands! One foot!'

"'BOTH FEET!'

"There was a hurricane of galloping fists and soles. Then in diminuendo:

"'One foot; One hand; Four fingers, two, one! Halt!'

"The clatter grew softer and softer till at last all was still."

* * *

Every so often, Arthur Hill Gilbert, the painter, packs up his brushes and canvas and goes out to some lone place where he will spend several weeks of hard work, doing a dozen landscapes or so.

A year ago, Gilbert and two friends drove up to a lone cabin in the Sierra mountains, where they made arrangements to stay two weeks. On the first day while Gilbert was painting, three men drove up to the cabin and got out of the car.

Gilbert, as he saw them coming, prepared himself for a fight. Nevertheless, he kept on quietly painting and watched them approach, closer and closer. Finally one of them spoke.

"Say, I want to get a pint of whisky."

Gilbert was a little confused and then he realized that the cabin had been taken for a bootlegging establishment.

"Sorry," said Gilbert, "but you see I'm not a bootlegger, I'm a painter."

The man that had been doing the talking went over and examined the canvas. He scratched his head. "Aw, go on," he said to Gilbert, "quit yore spoofin' and let me have a bottle of jack."

"But I'm not a bootlegger," Gilbert persisted, "I'm a painter."

"Listen here," the man continued. "We bought liquor all the time here. We're no stool-pigeons. You can trust us. We've worked up a thirst and we want a drink."

Fearing that if he continued to argue with them, he would become involved in a fight with the three, he said amicably. "Honest there isn't a drink in the place. We just rented the cabin yesterday. If there was a bootlegger here before, he must have left. You see, 'Im only a painter."

Still unsatisfied but realizing that they could get no further, the men walked away and got into their car. As they drove on, Gilbert could hear one of them say to the other:

"That fellow saying he was a painter sounded suspicious. He looked to me like a bootlegger more than a artist. Why look at that stuff he painted—I never saw a hill that looked like that."

* * *

Austin James, sculptor, is in town. Perhaps it shouldn't be told, but Austin James and this writer used to build homes together, doing all the work ourselves, being in turn architects, carpenters, cabinet makers, lathers, plasterers, plumbers and what-not. Nor were we so bad, either.

We built a house at Pebble Beach for Isabel Chamberlain, quite a large house, stuccoed and plastered. It was wooden-lathed, inside and out, several million laths. We were neither one of us expert lathers, who spit a nail and slam it into place by a single blow of the lathing hatchet, caught in air. To us, lathing that house was second only to the job of constructing the universe.

Finally done, we looked at it and thought of all that to be plastered. Inside and outside, partitions and walls and ceilings, it would take tons and tons of plaster. The mere lifting of so much plaster was a thought to make us groan. And we groaned, and got busy.

Ultimately, the house was finished. It was a nice, a successful job. It still stands—and this happened nearly fifteen years ago—a credit to its builders, to its owner, and to the Del Monte properties.

* * *

Now for the real story. Andrew Jacobsen is a plastering contractor of Pacific Grove, a good plasterer at that, and president of various service clubs and the Chamber of Commerce. Socially and in a business way, he stands pre-eminent in his community. Few know that he is a man of temperament, an artist at heart, and it is probably forgotten that, for a time, he was a bright light on Carmel's Rialto, treading the boards of the Arts and Crafts Theater as an actor of parts. I started him on his dramatic career. I gave him his first role in "Doubling in Brass," and subsequently bigger parts in other plays. He wasn't bad, either.

There came a day when the plaster on the Pebble Beach home of Mrs. Chamberlain needed repairing. She sent for the contractor, Andrew Jacobsen, to look over the job and estimate the cost. He came to the house, investigated with eyes that grew ever bigger and more astounded, and said, in a tone of disgust.

"For the love of Mike, who did this job of plastering?"

"Newberry," Mrs. Chamberlain answered. "Perry New-

(continued on page fifteen)

THE VILLAGE NEWS-REEL

The marriage of Miss Jane Foster of Carmel and Mr. Louis Cahen of San Francisco took place on last Friday afternoon in the Stanford Memorial Chapel, with the Reverend Charles Gardner officiating.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fenton P. Foster of this city, and is quite a talented artist, she has also taken many parts in the village amateur theatrical productions. After a brief honeymoon spent in southern California, Mr. and Mrs. Cahen will make San Francisco their home.

* * *

Miss Helen Williston, who has been sojourning in Carmel for the past seven weeks has returned to her home in Chicago. Miss Williston, while here, was the guest of her two aunts Miss M. Genevra and Miss Agnes Williston.

* * *

An exhibition of oil and water colors by Mrs. Jennie Venners-trom Cannon of Berkeley will be held in that city at the Casa de Manana from February first to the fifteenth. Mrs. Cannon was formerly a resident of Carmel. She is well known as an artist of note both here and around the bay cities.

* * *

Stopping at the Olympic Hotel in San Francisco this week is Mr. C. H. Whitman.

* * *

Among the guests at Peter Pan Lodge this week are Mrs. J. Hampden Dougherty of New York, Misses Alice and Marian Burr of San Francisco, M. A. Cruden of Kenya Colony, East Africa, and Mr. P. D. Cone of New York.

* * *

Carlton Beal of Menlo spent last week end visiting friends in Carmel.

* * *

After spending a week end in Carmel with his family, Eugene Roehling has returned to San Jose where he is attending San Jose State college.

* * *

Gordon Campbell, who is now attending Stanford, spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Argyll Campbell.

* * *

Miss Katherine Cooke has returned to her home in Hatton Fields after visiting friends in Hollywood.

* * *

Miss Margaret Elliott has arrived from Glasgow, Scotland with her sister Mrs. Vincent Torras. This is her first trip to California. She is charmed with Carmel, and says that the local scenery reminds her greatly of Glasgow. Miss Elliott is a niece of Mrs. James O'Hara of Lincoln street.

* * *

Mrs. Etta B. Morse and daughter Eleanor have returned from a stay of several days in the bay cities. While in San Francisco, they attended the German Grand Opera.

* * *

Mr. Steve Carey and Mr. Wilbur Claywell have returned to their homes in Carmel after an absence of ten days during which time they were in San Francisco.

* * *

The regular meeting of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom will be held at the home of the Misses Kellogg, Casanova street near Ninth, Sunday, February 1, at 8:00 p. m. Miss Elinor Smith will discuss the work of the League of Nations in regard to the opium traffic. The meetings are open to everyone interested.

* * *

At a well attended meeting of the members St. Anne's Guild on Tuesday afternoon last, a partial work program for the coming year was planned. Each Tuesday afternoon will see the ladies hard at work, and on one Tuesday a month, a basket luncheon will be brought by each member and tea will be served. The first social event will be a Valentine afternoon card party, which will be held in the parish hall on Saturday, February 14th, from two until five. Refreshments will be served and favors for high scores given. The guild is very much in need of another sewing machine, and they would appreciate the gift of a used one.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. T. Harold Grimshaw have returned from a several days stay in San Francisco. While there, the Grimshaws attended the opera.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Darling and family, who have made their home in Carmel for the past two years are now located in Monterey.

* * *

Dr. Emily Harrison with her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. G. Walkington of Los Gatos were recent Carmel visitors.

* * *

Mr. Charles MacFarland of Berkeley was in his home on Camino Real last week.

* * *

Miss Clara and Miss Ella Kellogg, Miss Mildred Curry and Miss Anna Marie Baer have returned to Carmel after several days in San Francisco where they attended the opera.

* * *

Miss Thelma Harris and her guest, Miss Elva Mitchel of Los Angeles, left Carmel Friday for Paso Robles where they plan to stay.

* * *

There was a well attended reception last Saturday evening in the Parish hall of All Saints church. The guests of honor were the Rt. Reverend Edward Lamb Parsons, D. D. Bishop of California, and Mrs. Parsons. The members of the congregation, and the townspeople called to pay their respects. Mrs. Rose J. De Yoe, past vice president of St. Anne's Guild, on behalf of the congregation welcomed the Bishop and his wife, and his response was of great interest, as he gave some details of the work of the recent Lambeth conference held in London, with a brief outline of one of the leading topics, "Christian Unity."

Two vocal solos were admirably rendered by Mrs. W. O. Bardarson, followed by the reading of two original poems written and read by Mrs. Percy B. Wright. The Reverend Austin B. Chinn presided.

At the conclusion of the program refreshments were served by four members of the guild, Mrs. George Reamer, Mrs. George Wood, Mrs. A. W. Thacher and Mrs. W. J. Kingsland.

* * *

After spending the past month vacationing on the peninsula, Mrs. C. H. Beckett and Mrs. M. Tullock both of Vancouver, British Columbia, have returned to their home. While on the peninsula the visitors were entertained by their brother-in-law, Mr. J. R. Waghorn, at the Pine Inn in Carmel.

Planning to spend the greater part of the spring season in Carmel, Mrs. Marie Delmas and Miss Celine Delmas have opened their home on Carmel street. The visitors have their permanent home in San Jose.

* * *

Mr. G. Johnson left recently for a several months' business trip to New York city. Mrs. Johnson is spending several days in Los Angeles.

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WHO'S WHO, WHAT and WHERE IN CARMEL

City Fire Department,
Chief, R. G. Leidig,
Phone, 100.
Police Department,
Chief, August Englund,
Phone 131.
City Clerk,
Saidee Van Brower,
Phone, 110.
City Treasurer,
Barnet J. Segal.
City Attorney
Argyll Campbell
City Offices.
Over the Post Office

Councilmen:
Mayor, Finance
Herbert Heron.
Fire & Police
John B. Jordan
Water & Light
Ross E. Bonham
Health & Safety
Jessamine Rockwell
Streets & Parks
Clara N. Kellogg
Post Office. Dolores Street.
Between Ocean & 7th.
W. L. Overstreet, P. M.

Newspapers,
Pine Cone,
San Carlos, near 7th
Carmelite,
Dolores, between 7th and 8th
Theatres:
Carmel Playhouse
Monte Verde, near 8th.
Golden Bough,
Ocean and Monte Verde.
Denny-Watrous Gallery,
Opposite the Post Office
Forest Theater,
Mountain View.

Churches:
All-Saints, S. Monte Verde
Carmel Mission, Main Highway, south of Village.
Christian Science, N. Monte Verde
Community Church, Lincoln near Ocean Ave.
Unity Hall,
Dolores, between 8th and 9th
Harrison Memorial Library,
Ocean and Lincoln.
(Free to the Public.)

Western Union Telegraph,
Dolores opposite Post Office.
Monterey County Water Works,
South Side of Ocean, nr. Dolores
Pacific Gas & Electric Co.
Dolores, south of Ocean
Railway Express Agency,
7th, bet. Dolores and San Carlos
Pac. Tel. and Tel. Co.,
7th and Dolores
Monterey Co., S. P. C. A.
Poundmaster, Monterey 1608.
Garbage Man,
City Hall. Box at foot of stairs.

BRAIN WAVES

(continued from page eleven)

discovered, and before papa could tour off to work, he had to make the rounds of the neighborhood in frantic search for little precious. Up and down he drove, peering into back yards, down alleys, over fences, but no Fido.

Time began to pinch. He must go back and report failure, and then race to the factory. He slowed down. He looked in the rear-view mirror to see if all was clear behind. And what did he see?

No car in sight. No—but Fido was faithfully loping there in arrears. Wherever his master went, there would he go too. You can't beat a dog when it comes to faithfulness. And what humane person would beat a dog, anyhow?

* * *

Where Is He?

Where is the patriot who knows all the words to the Star Spangled Banner? College songs, Christmas songs, smash-hit radio croon-songs—every man, woman and child knows these to the last syllable.

But it makes strong men swear and weak women weep when the band strikes up our Anthem and after the first four words everybody goes into ta-ta-de-ta-tah! Give the Distinguished Service Medal to the hero who will declare he knows the words—and then dare stand and sing 'em in a crowd.

* * *

Wreck Etiquette

Now that wrecks on the highway are becoming so common, there is need for the victims—those who survive—to learn what politeness demands of them when they are picked up and on the way to the hospital.

Remember, first of all, that you are just a temporary guest, and behave as though you were in somebody's home. Cause as little disturbance as possible. Don't sprawl all over the cushions and put your feet on the back of the front seat. If your car has gone into a ditch full of water, don't get inside at all, but politely ask to remain on the running board, and thus not dampen the interior of the machine.

Don't accuse your benefactor of going through your pockets and extracting the price of the ride. Don't ask him to drive you past your relatives' place to show off your injuries before taking you to the doctor. And if he has used a fire extinguisher on your erstwhile delight and pride that now is a charred ruin beside some distant road, repay him at once for his trouble and outlay.

Finally, if you are cut up considerably, and can't stop the blood, don't drip all over the upholstery. It's very hard to get off. Sit on the floor, or on the very edge of the cushion.

All of which will go far toward popularizing wreck victims.

* * *

Low-Down Thought

Wouldn't it be swell if the future life for most of us was known to be as pleasant as the road leading there?

$1,000 REWARD

Now that we are going to throw on our tables all the fall and winter colors of the genuine $1.40 a yard Beverly printed silk to be cleared at 58¢ some one will say: "It can't possibly be pure silk at that price! Too good to be true!" So we offer you $1,000 cash to test it in every way, but if you find anything in it but pure silk, pure dye, $1,000.00 is yours. Beverly prints are extra washable and durable 32 in. wide.

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1. Navy blue ground with small flowers.
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Sign .....

SEND NO MONEY

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

(continued from page thirteen)

berry of Carmel. He and Austin James built the house—did it all. Why? Isn't is a good job of plastering?"

Jacobsen gulped. "Good job!" he sputtered. "Good—? Say, Mrs. Chamberlain, that job of plastering is one of the best jobs of plastering that I've ever seen. Newberry did it, you say? Why, Newberry gave me my start as an actor!"

MOVES HIS OFFICE

Barnet J. Segal, whose real estate office has been in the De Yoe building, has moved his headquarters into the office of the Carmel Investment Co., on Ocean avenue west of the Bank of Carmel.

Miss Margaret Reynolds has returned to the University of California after spending the week end with her family, Mr. and Mrs. Norman T. Reynolds, in their home on San Antonio.

THE PINE CONE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Two young men's suits, size 38, excellent condition, splendid bargain. See at Mission Cleaners.

FOR SALE—New 3,000 Watt Wesix raliator, cost $55, sell $40. Hotpoint automatic range cost $275, sell $175. Box 821 Carmel.

FOR SALE—Genuine bargain; the Monte Verde Apartments; 68 feet on Monte Verde St. and a cottage in the rear; both completely furnished. Percy Parkes, Owner, Parkes Building. Phone 71, Carmel.

FOR RENT

APARTMENTS FOR RENT—2, 3 and 4 room apartments; hot and cold water; electric heat; electric cook stoves; complete baths; centrally located; near beach; recently remodeled. Apply Monte Verde Apartments, Carmel or Phone 888.

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WANTED—Young woman to look after 5 year old child, after school hours. Box B, Pine Cone.

HANDY man wants work of any kind. Address Box D, Pine Cone.

WANTED—Gardening, house cleaning, floor waxing, window washing, etc., by experienced man. Phone after 5 p. m. Jack Belo, Carmel 1078-J.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF MONTEREY.
No. 11617.
CHARLES DELOS CURTIS, also known as DELOS CURTIS, and CATHERINE MORE CURTIS, sometimes called CATHERINE CURTIS, Plaintiffs,
vs.
WILLIAM N. COOK, and also other persons unknown, claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the Complaint, adverse to Plaintiffs' ownership, or any cloud upon Plaintiffs' title thereto, Defendants.
ALIAS SUMMONS.
ACTION brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Monterey, and Complaint filed in the Office of the Clerk of said Monterey County.
THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETINGS TO WILLIAM N. COOK, and also all other persons unknown, claiming any right, title, estate, lien of interest in the real property described in the Complaint adverse to Plaintiffs' ownership, or any cloud upon Plaintiffs' title thereto,
DEFENDANTS.
YOU are hereby directed to appear and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Monterey, within Ten (10) days after service upon you of this ALIAS SUMMONS, if served within this County; or within Thirty (30) days if served elsewhere.
And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment against you for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon Contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.
The object of this action is to require said Defendants, and each of them, known, or unknown, claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the Complaint on file in this cause, and hereinafter described, adverse to Plaintiffs' ownership thereto, to set forth the nature of their, and each of their claims, and that all adverse claims of said Defendants, and each of them, may be determined by a Decree of this Court.
That by said Decree, it may be adjudged and decreed that the Plaintiffs are the owners in fee simple absolute of all the said real property, and that their title is good and valid, and that said Defendants have not, nor have they, or any of them, any estate, right, title, lien of interest in or to said real property, or any part thereof.
And that it be further adjudged and decreed that said Defendant WILLIAM N. COOK, and also all other persons unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real property described in said Complaint adverse to Plaintiffs' ownership, or any cloud upon Plaintiffs' title thereto, be forever debarred and estopped from asserting such or any claims in or to such real property, or any part thereof.
All of which is more fully set forth in the Complaint to which reference is hereby specially made.
Plaintiffs pray for such other or further relief as to this Court may seem meet and proper.
The real property affected by this action consists of All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, lying being and situate in the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, County of Monterey, State of California, described as follows, to-wit:
Lot Two (2) in Block Seventeen (17) as shown and delineated on the "Map of Carmel-by-the-Sea, County of Monterey, State of California, filed March 7, 1902 in the office of the County of Monterey, California, and now on file and of record in said Office in Map Book One, Cities and Towns at page 2 therein.
Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in anywise appertaining.
GIVEN UNDER MY HAND AND THE SEAL OF THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF MONTEREY, this 30th day of October 1930.
C. F. JOY,
Clerk.
By EDNA E. THORNE,
Deputy Clerk.
CHARLES CLARK,
Attorney for Plaintiffs
Date of First Publication, January 2, 1931.
Date of last publication March 6, 1931.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICES
First Church of Christ, Scientist, Carmel
Monte Verde St., one block north of Ocean Ave., bet. Fifth and Sixth
Sunday Service ..... 11 a. m.
Sunday School ..... 9:30 a. m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting ..... 8:00 p. m.
Reading Room
Open Afternoons —12 to 5
Except Sundays and Holidays
(Public Cordially Invited)

ALL SAINTS EPISCOPAL CHURCH
Monte Verde St., South of Ocean Ave.
Rev. Austin Chinn, Rector
Sunday Services
8 a. m.—Holy Communion.
9:45 a. m.—Sunday School
11 a. m.—Morning Prayer and Sermon
All Are Cordially Invited

THE COMMUNITY CHURCH
(Lincoln Street)
The
Rev. T. Harold Grimshaw
Minister
MORNING WORSHIP
at 11:00 A. M.
Graded School at 9:45A . M.
Make Your Church Home With Us

Hits and Rule Book Feature Abalone Games

By Winsor Josselyn

The second Sunday of the present season passed in a flurry of hits and rule books. Hits when the Tigers caught and passed the Giants in the first game and finished ahead four to five, and rule books when three separate plays in the Shamrock-Ranger game brought the baseball lawyers to the fore and finally ended with the Rangers winning five to one.

Fast, close games, and still no injuries. This is suspicious. We'll be paying demurrage on those crutches if we're not careful—or if we're too careful, depending on how you look at it. Soft ball game though it may be, the hospitals always open up the spare rooms and put an emergency surgeon on duty Sunday afternoon from one till five during our season.

The first two innings of the Giant-Tiger struggle were spent trying to crack through defences, and only three out of fourteen players reached base. In the third the Giants got Doc Slipner around for a run, and in the fourth the Tigers tallied three with Harrison (Pick 'em Up) Godwin, Fielder White and Catcher (Coach) Youngman. Then the Giants grabbed some. Only to have the Tigers do their share of grabbing again, and more, until the five-four score told the fable at the end.

Sharp playing—double plays—then the break and that was that. And don't let anybody tell you that running those teams made the day a picnic for Captains Van Riper and Hale, even though they did each get on base a couple of times. It's the brain-strain that takes our captains apart.

Here is the box score in words of one syllable:

Giants

	AB	H	R
Slipner, ss	3	1	1
Alderson, rf	3	1	0
Godwin, fp	3	1	1
Hilbert, 3b	3	2	2
Warren, lf	3	1	0
Masten, 2b	3	1	0
Van Riper, (C) c	3	2	0
Thilgen, cf	3	0	0
Van Riper, (H) lb	3	0	0
Masten, (H) sf	3	1	0
Totals	30	10	4

Tigers

	AB	H	R
Godwin, (H) ss	3	2	1
Hale, p	3	2	1
White, lf	3	2	1
Youngman,	3	1	1
Finley, 3b	3	1	0
Sand, cf	3	0	0
Gottfried, rf	3	1	0
Geyer, 2b	3	2	1
Renzel, sf	2	1	0
Taylor, lb	2	0	0
Totals	28	11	5

In the second game, the Shamrocks were represented by five fill-in internationals. The five green-shirted regulars and poor Rangers were bewildered for two whole innings by the combination confronting them, during which time the opponents grabbed a whole run—their own and only one. Then the Rangers, solving Frank (Burn 'em In) Murphy's pitching, poked in four runs. But four runs mean nothing in this League, where eleven runs have been made in a final inning with two out.

Swayed the tide of battle like the waves out at Restless Sea, and Ranger Pitcher Schweninger, besides tricking batters on his balloon ball, socked three solid hits in three times at bat. This, with Helen Heavey's excellent catching on first base while they were on the defence, kept the Rangers in a shaky lead.

Came a yammering for the rule book when Jack Morris overran second base on Capting By Ford's hit for the Shamrocks Came lounder yammer when Doc Anderson stole second during a four-ball walk decision. And once more when Catcher Bardarson accidentally tipped Batter Scheweninger's warclub. Echoes of these plays and their subsequent settlement (almost) can still be heard in shops and side streets of our town. That is what makes Abalone baseball a household word.

Gratifying to the onlookers was the way senior players hit the ball. Bechdolt for the Rangers socked the squash two out of three times up, and so did Staniford for the Shamrocks. While many of the high-strung youngsters of batting fame fanned or popped out in a snapping of joints and bending of bones. It is not good to see Mortimer (Man Mountain) Henderson swing hundreds of pounds of energy and send the ball seven feeble feet. (We hear that his family suffers later, too.)

Unconfirmed rumor has it that Substitute Hollison, of the Rangers, was benched early in the game for illegally upsetting the opposing pitcher, while Substitute Yates, also Ranger, was declared out of the game for tramping on the baseman as he rounded corners after hits. Our staff reporter is investigating these sideline whispers, and we promise full disclosures in the next issue.

Here is the way the game shaped up in the score book:

Rangers

	AB	H	R
Godwin (H), ss	4	2	1
Josselyn, cf	4	1	1
Henderson, c	4	1	0
Handley, lf	3	2	1
Thompson, 3b	3	1	0
Marble, 2b	3	0	0
Schweninger, p	3	3	1
Bechdolt, sf	3	2	0
Brownell, rf	3	1	1
Heavey, 1b	3	0	0
Total	33	13	5

Shamrocks

	AB	H	R
Morris, cf	3	1	0
Ford, 3b	3	1	0
Godwin (F), ss	3	2	1
Renslow, lf	3	2	0
Murphy, p	3	0	0
Bardarson, c	3	0	0
Anderson, rf	3	2	0
Staniford, lb	3	2	0
Smith, 2b	3	2	0
Wyckoff, sf	2	0	0
Totals	29	12	1

Standing of the teams at the end of the two Sundays:

Tigers	1.000
Giants	.500
Rangers	.500
Shamrocks	.000

But do not be deceived by the Shamrock's present low standing. Remember that Frank Sheridan once said, "The Shamrocks will live to be on top in any field!"

Next Sunday the Giants and Rangers mix at 1:30, and the Shamrocks and Tigers mill around at 3:00. Come and watch 'em.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Francis Ozab of Havana, Cuba, were the guests of friends in Carmel.

The Miser's Daughter

"Lottie—come to the window quick! Who is that stunning, stylishly-dressed woman across the street?"

Lottie glanced through the window pane and laughed. "Don't you remember Madge Barrows—though that isn't her name now—"

"Madge Barrows!" exclaimed Emily Davies, just back from a three years' stay in New York— "of course I remember Madge Barrows. She was the raggedest, most unkempt girl in town. Nobody'd give her a job, she looked so awful—and her old miser of a father wouldn't spend a nickel on her if he burned in hell for it. —But that lovely creature isn't Madge!"

"Yes it is—"

"Why—I can't believe my eyes—"

"It happened while you were away—" said Lottie, softly. "I'll tell you about it. Nelson's Laundry got a new driver, a handsome young devil who fancied himself a lady-killer. One day when there was no one else in sight, he made goo-goo eyes at Madge. She stopped dead right on Ocean Avenue and looked at him as if she'd never seen a man before—and I guess she never had—really. Anyhow she fell head over heels in love with him, and for a while they were together a good deal. Then a chemical blonde drifted to town and, in an idle moment, annexed Madge's laundry man.

"Madge moped for a week, then seemed to wake up. Instead of scratching the blonde's eyes out, she directed her wiles against that hard-boiled skin-flint of a father—"

"I'll bet it didn't do her any good," said Emily, with conviction.

"Oh—but it did—I had the story straight from Madge's girl friend Lulu. It seems the miser had a habit of visiting the stores daily. He'd been a shop-keeper most of his life and knew values. With the excuse that he wanted ten cents worth of nails or a nickel's worth of putty, he would poke his nose into everything. If the merchant had made a slip and marked some thing too low, he was sure to spot it and snap it up—even if he didn't need it.

"So Madge put up a job on him. Somehow she enticed him over to Holman's during one of their big sales. I suspect she'd gone over the day before to prepare the stage. Anyhow, she led the old boy straight up to a dress they were actually giving away—and he fell for it. She showed him shoes, hose, underwear, and even put over a beauty parlor bargain. For the first time in his life the miser spent money on his daughter. Dressed up in her new togs, she was a ravishing sight for any man, but the skinflint saw only the $13.79 he'd saved on her costume, and chuckled to think how he'd put it over on Holman's.

"But Madge didn't care what he thought. She sallied forth to get that blonde's scalp and win back her sweetie. She ran into them at the postoffice. The laundry boy gasped when he saw her. 'Gosh—Madge—I didn't know you—' he gulped.

"'And I don't know you, either, Mister Jones—' she retorted, breezing past him.

"Deserting the blonde he followed her up the street—and no wonder, for Madge was—well—you saw how lovely she looked!"

"I'll say I did!" exclaimed Emily.

"From that moment the laundry boy had but one idea—the same idea as Madge's. One rainy day, while trying to drive a flivver with worn-out tires, the miser skidded over a precipice and broke his useless neck. Madge waited just long enough to bury him, then married the laundry boy to keep him away from blondes. And now he has a laundry of his own—"

"And Madge—what did she get out of it?" asked Emily.

"TWINS!"

Moral: Madge inherited her father's keen sense of values, and her Pebble Beach garage is papered with green trading stamps from Holman's. Some day she'll trade them in—one of the reasons why

It's fun to shop at Holman's

You'll find everything you need for family and home under one roof in Pacific Grove